

# Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Few women have known as many of its struggles toward national greatness, as the author of Illinois and her father and husband were public men when were soon put to the test of battle. She sat at President President of the Confederacy. During the war she went with her meeting the big men of the Western armies—men who later put General Logan's brilliant career in Washington, she knew the state-parts in the Reconstruction and its aftermath of bitter feeling. representatives of all sections meet without a difference. To the nation's later, most of those whom history will mention. On Mrs. Logan's and acquaintances are an appreciable majority of those who have way since 1859. We know of no one whose life-story could be more ing or more important. The "Recollections of a Soldier's Wife" will continue during a large part of the coming year.

**T**O tell my own story is to tell that of my famous husband, General John A. Logan. Our marriage was a real partnership for thirty-one happy years. I shared his thoughts and plans no less when he was a senator than when he was a prosecuting attorney in southern Illinois. We were working in the harmony of a common purpose, whether I was in the kitchen improvising a meal for his friends when he was running for the Legislature, or entertaining in Washington after his fame was secure, and his influence nation wide. With him I witnessed the stirring events in which he was a leader on the borderland of the Confederacy, where he raised his Union regiment. We were together whenever possible during the war. I traveled with him on his political campaigns after the war. Thus I came to know not only the eminent soldiers and public men of his time, but the men in the ranks who believed in him and followed him, whether to Vicksburg and Atlanta or in his political battles.

Our tastes were the same; likewise our ambitions for the best attainments in life. We came of the same pioneering American stock. We were reared among the same surroundings of the Middle West when it was the frontier. After his death, my naturally active temperament and the inspiration of his career kept me in touch with the pulse of national affairs and brought me fresh acquaintances among new celebrities. When I

Mrs. John A. Logan, author of "Recollections of a Soldier's Wife"

# By Mrs. John A. Logan..

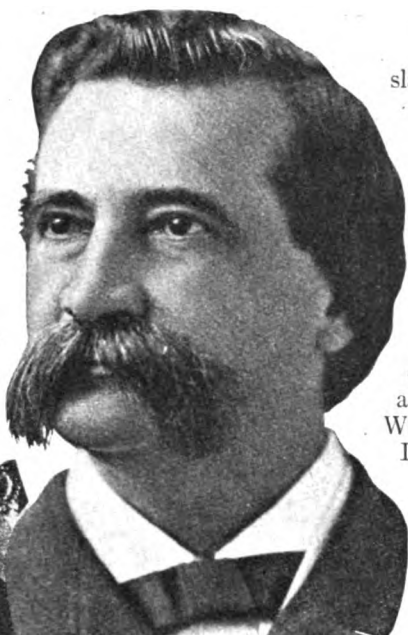
their country's notables, been as keen watchers these "Recollections." Mrs. Logan lived in Lincoln and Douglas debated the issues that Buchanan's table with the man who became distinguished husband wherever she could, down the rebellion. After the war, during men, big and little, who played their Finally she has seen the reprecapital comes, sooner or roster of her friends passed that interest-



think of the conditions which prevailed in my girlhood days in comparison with those of the present, I marvel how the span of one person's life can compass such great changes.

I was born in Petersburg, Boone County, Missouri, whither my father, John Marion Cunningham, had emigrated from Tennessee as quite a young man. Here he had met my mother, Elizabeth Hicks LaFontaine. Grandfather LaFontaine was one of the French Huguenots who settled in western Illinois and eastern Missouri. He owned large tracts of land and many slaves. His wedding gift to father and mother was a colored couple and their two children.

My Grandfather Cunningham also was a



slave-holder. Liberating his slaves, he removed to southern Illinois. Soon after my birth, he begged my father to come to him to look after his declining years. So my father disposed of his business, liberated his own slaves, and settled at Marion, Williamson County, Illinois. In all that

John A. Logan (1826-86), soldier, statesman, leader among leaders. Blaine said of him, that no other American had combined in such an eminent degree the elements of successful military and legislative leadership.—General Logan's father and mother, Dr. John Logan and Elizabeth Jenkins Logan



forests and lands. Farms people few. There were no horse-drills or planters; no reapers and harvesters and no traction threshers. Harvesting was done with the cradle, while the swath was bound into bundles by hand. Horses tramped out the grain on the smooth threshing-yard.

The harvesters went into the field at five

belt of country, south of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, the pioneers had accomplished wonders in clearing away draining swamp-

were large and people

o'clock in the morning, and the women had to rise long before that hour in order to have their breakfast ready. At ten o'clock came lunch, at twelve dinner, and at six o'clock supper. Four meals a day for their men folk, however, were only a small part of the drudgery for the women. It was considered effeminate for men to perform any domestic labor. Stalwart sons stood idly by while delicate mothers, wives, and sisters milked the cows. Women were expected to follow the plow, covering the corn with a hoe.

The blessed wives of the pioneers fulfilled to the letter their marriage vows of devotion in "sickness and in health—for richer or poorer." They were nurses and oft-times physicians when members of their own or neighbors' families were ill. A boy or girl at the age of ten was already a producer. No economic reason operated against large families in those days. I was the oldest of thirteen children. Often I have heard mothers say that it was no more trouble to look after half a dozen children than one.

Winter, which brought rest for the men, brought none for the women. Then came carding, spinning, and weaving, and tailoring for both sexes. Ready-made clothes were seldom worn even by the well-to-do. They were regarded as inferior factory stuff, not "all wool and a yard wide." The thrifty housewife boasted of the number of yards of good material she had produced, as proudly as her husband boasted of the size of his crops.

#### WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Then the only way to get help on the farm was by the courtesy of exchange. If there was a piece of forest to be cleared, or a building to be "raised," or any task requiring many hands, the rule was for a man to ride over the county from house to house asking his neighbors to the "bee" on a certain day; and this invitation almost invariably included the women, who were expected to assist in feeding the men. There were husking-bees, too, with the customary reward of a kiss from his partner by the swain who found a red ear of corn, and fruit-parings and quilting-bees for the women. Thus many of the amusements were practical. The young people had just as good a time at a husking-bee as those of the present day have going to moving-picture shows

and theaters, with the additional advantage of husking hundreds of bushels of corn. After the work was over there was frequently dancing until daylight.

All the holidays were most energetically celebrated in the towns and villages. There was much speech-making; for the people were fond of oratory. The few remaining veterans of the War of 1812 and the veterans of the later Indian wars were the heroes of Washington's birthday and of Fourth of July. The Fourth was the occasion of great barbecues that brought together the countryside for many miles around. The invariable reading of the Declaration of Independence was followed by oratory and dancing in the evening.

#### "TRAINING DAY" IN THE FORTIES

Training Day, which took place usually in midsummer, was an institution peculiar to the time. At an early hour, the population gathered in town. Flags and bunting not being as plentiful as they are to-day, red, white, and blue calico took their place. Indeed, everything symbolic of love of country which ingenuity could suggest was displayed.

All the family treasures of patriotism were brought forth in token of the military spirit of the occasion. The "sword of Bunker Hill" and all swords whatsoever that had been used in battle were polished. Bullets were molded as gravely as if actual warfare impended. Family relics of moth-eaten uniforms and sashes were donned, with a Falstaffian motley as a result when the troops formed in line. Ancestral drums and fifes made music for the parade, while its officers rode up and down shouting meaningless commands to embryo soldiers who were hopelessly ignorant of tactics. The question as to who should be commander-in-chief for the day usually led to much rivalry, and sometimes to bitter feuds that lasted until the next Training Day. But all were unanimous on one point, that, on their country's call, they could leave the plow to take up the musket and rout any foreign foe.

There were few schoolhouses, and these had only puncheon benches. For the most part, the only opportunity for education was through itinerant teachers, and the only opportunity for religious worship was through the visits of itinerant preachers and the annual camp-meetings, which



Henry Clay, the "Great Pacificator," delivering one of his famous compromise speeches in the Senate.

lasted for two weeks. Around a great square of ground, in much the same manner that the barracks of a military post surround the parade, families built log cabins, into which they moved with beds and bedding, cooking utensils, and a supply of food for a comfortable sojourn which took the place of the two weeks' vacation at the seashore or in the mountains of the present time. Naturally the wives brought their best pickles, preserves, and honey in rivalry with the products of other kitchens.

In the center of the square was a spacious roof supported by strong columns made from the trunks of trees. Facing a broad pulpit were many rows of benches which had no backs, as I very well remember. The morning service began at nine o'clock, with



Rev. Henry B. Bascom, whose friendship for Clay won him the chaplaincy of the Senate

were many "lovers' lanes," and after each camp-meeting numerous engagements were announced.

Many of the ministers who conducted the services were as ignorant as they were prolix in their exhortations, but others were

He saw the coming conflict and strove with all his eloquence to avert it; he succeeded only in delaying it

a recess of half an hour at ten o'clock and rarely closing before twelve thirty. Another session started at three in the afternoon, and still another at seven, which never ended before eleven. As a substitute for a summer vacation, this régime might fairly be called strenuous. To the young people, it was a kind of mating time. For months, belles saved up their finery for the occasion, and the beaux always came in their best clothes and with a fine horse and buggy. In the groves around the tabernacle

as able as they were devout. The Reverend Dr. Bascom, a friend of Henry Clay, was one of the most eloquent preachers I have ever heard. It is told of Mr. Bascom that, when he was made chaplain of the Senate, through the influence of Mr. Clay, he was so much elated over the elevation that his first sermon was a failure. Mr. Clay was much chagrined, but in no sense felt the keen mortification which the chaplain himself experienced. Mr. Bascom returned to his lodgings, and prostrated himself in earnest prayer to be forgiven for his vain-glorious attempt to preach with Bascom uppermost in his mind. When Mr. Clay called on him the same afternoon, he found his friend in high spirits. "I know how completely I failed in my sermon this morning," said the chaplain. "I was preaching Bascom in all his glory, but wait until next Sunday, and I will preach Jesus Christ crucified, and you will have no cause to blush for me." He fully redeemed his promise.

#### EDUCATION ON THE FRONTIER

The majority of the people in southern Illinois were unable to read or write, but the absence of literacy did not mean an absence of character. This the pioneers had in sturdy abundance, and it is a quality which is perhaps lacking in some of the products of our common schools of to-day. These God-fearing, industrious men and women, making farms and building towns and villages in the wilderness, were ambitious to better their condition and promote a future for their children which should be more comfortable than the life they themselves knew. Abraham Lincoln was not the only one who studied by the fireplace at night.

When, in the early fifties, the governor of Massachusetts sent to the Western states, at their request, a small army of teachers, southern Illinois came in for its full share, to one of whom I owe an everlasting debt for her faithful training. These teachers had to face examinations by august boards of settlers, who had their own ideas about "larnin'" in a community composed largely of Southerners, many of whom still held to the idea that education was a dangerous thing, because if the "niggers got it, it wouldn't be easy to keep them down."

My father had served as sheriff and had a prominent part always in the affairs of the country. When word came from Wash-

ington by the slow communications of the day that war had been declared with Mexico, there was a rush from the farms to town to volunteer. My most distinct memory of the excitement as a girl of eight was seeing father borne aloft above the heads of the men who had elected him captain of their company. They carried him to the courthouse in the midst of shouts and hurrahs. Hearing the noise, my mother had gone to the door. She burst into tears at the sight, for well she knew what it meant. When his fellow citizens demanded his leadership, nothing could keep him from going to war. He enlisted for three years, or until peace was declared.

#### WHEN JOHNNY WENT MARCHING OFF

To the wives and sweethearts of the one hundred and ten men of my father's company Mexico seemed much farther away than China seems to-day. Fighting the Mexicans was not the worst of the dangers. In prospect was the march to Santa Fé through a savage, unsettled, and little-known country. There were few dry eyes when, after the final farewells, the men stepped into the ranks and my father gave the command, "Forward, March!"

The second lieutenant of one of the companies of the regiment was John A. Logan, then only twenty-one years of age. In later times, I often heard my father and General Logan tell of their experiences in marching over the desert, their difficulties with hostile Indians, and the pangs of thirst that they endured. But it was all to no purpose; they did not reach Santa Fé until the war was over, and had to march home without so much as a sniff of powder smoke.

Soon after their return, the news of the discovery of gold in California set the imagination of the land aflame. My father and many members of his company thought that their experiences in desert travel formed the best of reasons why they should join in the "rush," though, you may be sure, their wives did not see it that way.

But young John A. Logan decided to remain at home, and study law. He had won a reputation for indomitable cheerfulness, resource, and courage on the campaign. A strong friendship had sprung up between him and my father in face of perils which tested the real quality of a man. He had also taken a fancy to little Mary Cunningham, and he had asked my father to



to California. Only one-third of this party lived to reach its destination. Those who waited at home for news required a Spartan fortitude in order not to break down under the strain of their anxiety. Twice a week,

Elizabeth Hicks and John Marion Cunningham, Mrs. John A. Logan's mother and father



A reminder of the Argonauts of '49—emigrants crossing the plains in search

give me in marriage to him when I grew up. Father agreed gladly so far as he was concerned, but said that Lieutenant Logan must do the courting himself when the time came.

Early in the spring of the year which was to give the sobriquet of "Forty-Niner" to so many adventurous spirits, father assembled a party at Alton for the overland journey



John A. Logan as a prosecuting attorney in Illinois. He refused to join the gold rush in order to study law

of fortune. Mrs. Logan's father was one of the "Forty-Niners"

usually at midnight, the stage-coach drove into town with the mail. In imagination I can still hear the blast of the driver's horn, who was as likely to bring us word of death or sickness as of survival, and more likely no word at all, with the consequent continuation of suspense. At twelve, as the oldest of the children, I had become quite a managing and

responsible member of our family, and at the first note of the horn, would rush out and run to the post-office. The bluff old stage-driver was a most awesome person to me. In winter, when he was clad in his ample buffalo-skins, he was literally terrible.

The postmaster, who was a good friend of ours, before starting to distribute the letters would always run through them to see if any were postmarked from California. At last, after months of disappointment, he had letters for both my mother and myself. I never have run so fast in all my life as I ran back to my mother. She was almost overcome as I rushed into the house with my announcement, but when she saw that the handwriting on the envelope was father's she knew that he must be still alive, and then she learned that he had arrived safe and well. No such long intervals between letters occurred again, as mail service was established by sea and the Isthmus of Panama. My father remained away two and a half years. Though he did not make a fortune, his trip was profitable.

Upon his return in 1852, President Franklin Pierce made him registrar of the land office at Shawneetown, Illinois. It was an important appointment, owing to the recent passage of the "Bit Act," providing that actual settlers inside the radius of the district which had its headquarters at Shawneetown might each take up one hundred and sixty acres of land at twelve and one-half cents an acre. At that time, a twelve-and-one-half-cent coin, called a "bit," was current, while a quarter was always spoken of as "two bits." We removed to Shawneetown, where father opened the land office on the first floor of the house in which we lived. At first he had a pretty busy time of it with the rush of those who wanted to file claims. I was very proud that I could make myself useful as his clerk.

#### AT SCHOOL IN A CONVENT

I was now fifteen, and the serious question of sending me away to school was taken up by father and mother. A decision was made in favor of St. Vincent's Academy, near Morganfield, Kentucky, which was a branch of the celebrated Nazareth Academy of Kentucky. My father accompanying me, we crossed the river on the ferry, and drove the eighteen miles to the convent in a carriage.

In our home community there were few

Catholics, and no Catholic churches, monks, nuns, or priests. I was totally ignorant of the ritual of the Church and the significance of its symbols. I shall never forget my trepidation when, as I entered the convent grounds, I saw the nuns walking about in their white caps and somber black gowns.

Father Durbin, the priest, was in the garden, pacing up and down bareheaded, saying his prayers. The church was built in the form of a cross, and was gray with age. The large cross over the front apex impressed me as probably being the one upon which our Saviour was crucified. Under the interlacing branches of the grand old trees we walked up to the entrance of the convent, my limbs literally shaking with fright. For once I was silent, as I could not have spoken had my life depended upon it. The bars and grates of the doors and windows suggested, to my unsophisticated mind, incarceration in a prison.

#### MY FIRST MEETING WITH THE SISTERS

In answer to father's ring the angelic face of a sister appeared at the little grated panel in the door. When father announced his name, she promptly unlocked the door and invited us into the parlor. Under the influence of her gentle manner and the immaculate appointments of the room, together with the bright wood fire in the fireplace, I began to feel less frightened. After seating us the sister withdrew to call the Sister Superior. Meanwhile, I had scanned the pictures of Christ on the Cross, Saint Anthony and other saints on the walls, and admired the pretty rag carpet, old mahogany furniture, and literally everything in the parlor down to the fine old brass andirons and fender. In a few moments Sister Isabella came in. She was short and stout with a jolly face, which went well with her cordial greeting. She drew me close to her, and in a tender voice welcomed me as one of her girls. I soon forgot my terror, and, girl-like, thought her cap and gown especially becoming to her.

After luncheon father completed all the arrangements for my remaining for the school year of nine months and took his leave. That night I found myself in one of the many beds in the long dormitory. Sister Lucy had her station at the end, with her bed, table, and books screened by white curtains, where she was always in call of the girls and also could make sure there was

silence when "taps" sounded. I was very homesick at first, but in a few days, under the kindly dominion of the sisters and in the making of new acquaintances, I had quite recovered. Being healthy, mischievous girls, we were doubtless, at times, a source of trial to the sisters.

#### A GLIMPSE OF SLAVERY

The slave-quarters were just in the rear of the main building of the school. Nearly if not all the negroes belonged to the planters in the neighborhood. We used to take our finery and deck out the piccaninnies and "mammies" in harlequin colors in order that we might see them sally forth in ostentatious vanity to parties and religious meetings and to pay ceremonious calls on their colored friends. Uncle Harry was the overseer's best hand on the big farm connected with the convent. He and his friend Jim used to fiddle for the dances in which we were allowed to indulge on Saturday night. We paid them fifty cents apiece for the service, which they thought munificent. We all loved Aunt Agnes, Uncle Harry's wife, the head cook for the girls, who used to slip many dainties to her favorites. In return we made up our discarded frocks into clothes for her children. Her old master died, and the sons who inherited the slaves were worthless. They sold Aunt Agnes to some slave-traders who visited that part of Kentucky, picking up "likely niggers" for the New Orleans market.

Great excitement followed. Uncle Harry rebelled; the sisters pleaded with the buyers to let them keep her, but they heeded nothing. Two strong men came with a sort of Black Maria wagon, to take her away. She fought them like a tigress. Her screams and the screams of her children attracted the attention of the girls, and before the sisters could stop them they rushed out to rescue Aunt Agnes. Though most of the girls were daughters of slave-owners they were just as sensitive to a negro's suffering as the Northern girls were.

The sisters could not bear to hear Agnes's heart-rending shrieks, and they again joined in our appeal for mercy for the poor, innocent creature who was being torn away from her husband and family. But the men put a rope around her waist, threw her into the wagon, and ordered the driver to whip up the horses. As the horses galloped away, Agnes's piteous cries reached us above the

clatter of their hoofs. Sister Isabella led us into the church to pray for Agnes while the tears were streaming down the cheeks of both the sisters and the girls.

Uncle Harry, who was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, was never the same again. He was sullen and insubordinate to the overseer, who, he thought, had something to do with the sale of Agnes. Soon afterward, because of a misunderstanding about a task, the overseer struck Uncle Harry with a blacksnake whip, whereupon Uncle Harry turned upon him with an ax. From being one of the most docile, respectful negroes Uncle Harry had become a fighting monster on the slightest provocation. Sister Isabella ran out to try to restrain him. He told her to go into the house; that he would not touch her, but he must be let alone.

Our classroom was near Sister Isabella's office and study. We heard the loud talking and ran out to see what the trouble was. I can never forget what a very demon Uncle Harry appeared as he stood there in a threatening attitude, every muscle tense, and his wild eyes on the alert for a sight of the overseer. We were frightened, of course, but knew Uncle Harry would not do anything to us because of our kindness to "Aggie," as he called his wife. Two or three of us walked up to him, and, taking hold of his hands, led him to his cabin, promising him that we would get Sister Isabella and Father Durbin to send the overseer away. We bathed his black back with warm water, while Sister Genevieve brought soft linen cloths and soothing lotions to bind up the wounds made by the whip. Sister Isabella persuaded him to go to bed and stay in his cabin all day. The overseer was glad enough to take his flight, and thus quiet was restored.

#### A SCHOOL WITHOUT FRILLS

Though probably the régime of the school was good for us, no one can say that it was not exacting. At the beginning of the year's term, each pupil had to choose which beverage, tea, coffee, or milk, she would drink. You could have only one, and you might not make any change for the whole term. However, we found a way of getting around the rule by one girl trading her milk or tea for another's coffee.

Summer and winter we rose at six thirty. After dressing, we made up our beds. At



seven thirty we had breakfast. At eight we went to the study-room, where, after prayers, we studied for an hour before recitations began. Adjoining the study-room was a recitation-room to which the different classes were called to recite. At twelve thirty we had dinner. There were two long tables with a sister presiding at each one. One of the girls of the senior class read to us throughout the meal, and again one read at supper. The object of this was not only instruction while we ate, but also, I presume, to keep us from talking. Our food was simple in the extreme. We had salt meat and fish, and only on holidays, as a treat, did we get chicken or turkey.

At one thirty we returned to the school-room, where we remained until four o'clock. Then we had two hours' recreation until supper at six, when we could do as we pleased. This was the favorite time for walking, and also for sewing, if we chose. We were also expected to do some sewing on Saturday, our weekly holiday. Not only had we to make our own clothes, but we had to assist the sisters in making the white dresses for the ten or a dozen orphans whom the sisters were rearing. Portly and jolly Sister Isabella used to journey by water to Louisville to buy material for the dresses, with many bolts of blue ribbon for sashes and bow-knots.

The final sewing task was the making of our graduation dresses. This was as serious a matter as the writing of the graduation essay. "Fame" was my own modest theme, read from a platform under the boughs of the majestic trees of the lawn, where the exercises were held. I had difficulty in getting a quill pen and paper which was, to my mind, worthy of the production. However amateurish it was, I am sure that few girls of to-day can write in a more beautiful hand—fine penmanship not being then one of the lost arts.

#### AN EMPHASIS ON CHARACTER

The sisters were not strong in the higher and more ornamental branches which prevail to-day, but they were very thorough in the "Three R's" and in matters of character and deportment. We learned the simple things, and well, in the old-fashioned way. Perhaps it is because I am more than three score and ten, but it does seem to me that the girls of that day were more fit for their

work in life than many of the girls of to-day with their more numerous studies and their basketball and other violent exercises. I know that most of us lived to a good age, and to useful careers.

While I was at school, John A. Logan had become prosecuting attorney of the Third Judicial District. Far from having forgotten his early appeal to Captain Cunningham, he now stated to my father on one of his visits to Shawneetown that his determination to win my hand was stronger than ever. Soon after my return home, when father mentioned that young Logan was coming to pay us a visit, I little guessed what he had in mind, and I was thinking of other suitors among those of my own age.

#### MR. LOGAN COMES A-WOOING

When Mr. Logan arrived, he announced, with the captivating frankness that ever characterized him, that it was I whom he had come to see. He began the wooing at once, with the attractive persistence of one who would not take no for an answer. I was only seventeen, and just beginning to realize that I was a young lady. At first, I stood a little in awe of the handsome young lawyer of twenty-nine whose brilliant promise was a universal subject of comment.

Though he had to travel over the sixteen counties that composed the Third Judicial District, every fortnight found him at Shawneetown, where he would spend from Saturday to Sunday-night, when he was obliged to depart and drive all night over the bad roads, in order to appear in court Monday morning. Sometimes, on these long journeys, as he afterward told me, the imp of jealousy beset him with fear lest, in his two weeks' absence, some of the young fellows who could see me every day might undo his Sunday pleading. Often I have marveled that a man of his ability, ambition, and mature years should hazard his career in wanting a girl of seventeen who had a reputation for a pretty lively disposition. However, I was destined for him and he for me, and I had really fallen in love with him on his first call, though, with feminine perversity, I did not admit the fact even to myself at the time.

At noon, on November 27, 1855, in the presence of a few intimate friends, we were married by the Hon. W. K. Parish, judge of the Third Judicial District. After the



The house in Benton, Illinois, in which the Logans began house-keeping



Daguerreotype of Mrs. John A. Logan, made in 1858

accompanied by Judge Parish, Hon. W. J. Allen, Mr. Logan's law partner, Hon. N. C. Crawford, and my father, we departed for Benton, Franklin County, Illinois. The journey was made in buggies, two persons in each. At a little inn on the way to Shawneetown, in the small town of Equality, Mr. Logan had made arrangements for the night. The house, with all its old time appointments, was in perfect order when we arrived at about eight o'clock in the evening. As soon as we had removed the mud spatters, and made hasty toilets, we were ushered into the dining-room, where a feast fit for the gods

bridal breakfast,



John A. Logan, from a portrait given to Mrs. Logan before their marriage

was awaiting us. Early the next morning we resumed our journey to Benton, which was to be our future home. After another thirty-five-mile drive in fearfully raw, cold weather, we found ourselves the guests for a few days of Judge Parish in Benton, and then, after a visit to Mr. Logan's mother at Murphysboro, Jackson County, we returned to live with Judge Parish

until our own home was ready for occupancy. Father and mother had despatched our household goods from Shawneetown. They arrived in instalments

over the bad roads. With them my mother had sent a colored mammy, Aunt Betty, who was to be our maid of all work. Applying herself with prodigious industry, she saw us settled, and then, as there were no other colored people in Benton, she became so homesick that she returned willy-nilly to Shawneetown, leaving me to shift for myself in a community where it was the rule to do your own housework, of which, on account of the popularity of my husband, I was to have a little more than my share.

It was a custom of the times for guests to drop in unexpectedly for dinner or supper. The women always went out in the kitchen to help. The hostess had to play the part of entertainer while standing over a hot stove trying to keep in mind the numerous sauce- and drip-pans lest they boil over or burn. She had to lay the table for adults and children, no matter how many, rushing meanwhile from the kitchen to the pantry lest something go awry. Many a hostess collapsed as soon as her guests departed.

#### HOW I HELPED MY HUSBAND

My devotion to my husband, and my desire not to be found wanting, carried me through many a trial. The settlers and townspeople looked to him as their leader. They asked him to settle their disputes and write their wills. He was obliged to keep open house for his friends who came to town. When he knew that some were coming for dinner or supper, he would send a note to the house, naming the number and adding something like this, "Do the best you can, dear, and I'm sure everything will be all right." I made it all right in some fashion or other, and had my thanks in the pleasure it gave our friends and in the realization that I was helping my husband.

Whenever possible I traveled with him on his journeys to sessions of the courts. Court day was a great event then, as now, in the county-seat. Friends and tavern-keepers were eager to have the judge and lawyers at their boards in order that they might enjoy the repartee, the political discussions, and the good stories that were told. In such a forum in northern and central Illinois Abraham Lincoln got his training.

When I was away on these trips with Mr. Logan, I had nothing to do during the day while he was in court. At night, after the foreman of the grand jury had reported to him, he would have to write out the in-

dictments. There was no such thing as the printed blanks which are used nowadays. Everything had to be done by hand with a quill pen. The indictments usually covered one of four or five offenses, such as selling liquor without license, gambling, assault and battery, and petty larceny. So I prepared a number of those, leaving only the name of the offender blank in each instance. Thus I thought I might save my husband a lot of mechanical drudgery. Rather timidly the young wife submitted the result of her labors to the mighty prosecuting attorney. When he saw that he had only to insert the names and all was ready for the next morning, he was highly pleased.

My husband's cases always interested me. I enjoyed reading law reports and authorities in search of precedents which would be valuable to him. I cut slips of paper which I inscribed with the point of reference and marked the most important paragraphs so that he might get the pith of the cases quoted without having to read irrelevant matter.

In 1856, a year after our marriage, he became a candidate for the state Legislature. This was the year when James Buchanan was the Democratic Presidential nominee against John C. Frémont of the new Republican party. In Illinois the Republicans had their strength almost entirely in the northern and central portions. Southern Illinois, lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, with Missouri on one side and Kentucky on the other, was overwhelmingly Democratic.

#### THE BURNING TOPIC OF THE TIMES

Both Mr. Logan and my father were Democrats. My father had often entertained Douglas at his house on Douglas's campaigning tours. Mr. Logan looked to Douglas as his leader. Little did we think then that the progress of events was already focusing to the point where my husband, in the face of strong opposition and personal risk, would change his party affiliations, because for him, whatever his neighbors thought, there could be only one side, and that Lincoln's, when the Union was at stake.

The Kansas and Nebraska trouble, the increasing feeling against slavery in the North, and the desire for the extension of slavery in the South, made the campaign of 1856 the most exciting since that of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." Southern Illinois



Mrs. Logan in 1855, in a gown which was part of her trousseau

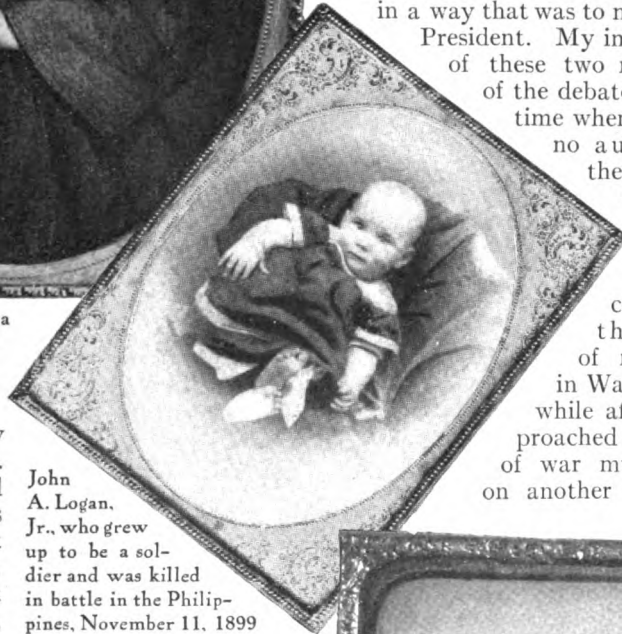
was in the very heart of the furor. Everybody lived and talked politics. Men and women flocked to political meetings with all the ardor that they would to circuses. My husband was in great demand as a speaker, traveling from county to county over his circuit. His nomination by the Democrats, combined with his personal popularity, assured him of election by a big majority, while the criminal class welcomed his resignation from the prosecuting attorneyship, in which he had secured an unprecedented number of convictions.

The birth of a son, John Cunningham Logan, who did not long survive, kept me from accompanying my husband to Springfield for the session of the Legislature, which, in those days, lasted for only two or three months. So I remained at home in Benton. He immediately made a place for himself by his energy and application, attracting particular attention by a speech scoring the inconsistency of Governor Kerner in violating, by his occupancy of

the gubernatorial chair, a statute which debarred from the governorship anyone who had ever given or accepted a challenge for a duel.

Buchanan had become President. Douglas was still seeking a compromise which would mend the breach between the North and the South, which was broadening all the while despite the best efforts of pacific statesmanship. My husband received the Democratic nomination for Congress in 1858 when Lincoln and Douglas were waging that popular campaign for the senatorship which brought Lincoln's name before the country in a way that was to make him

President. My impression of these two men and of the debates at the time when we had no augury of the mighty f a m e that was to be Lincoln's and the story of my life in Washington while affairs approached the crisis of war must wait on another chapter.



John A. Logan, Jr., who grew up to be a soldier and was killed in battle in the Philippines, November 11, 1899




"Dolly" Logan, daughter of General and Mrs. Logan, who was born in 1858

The next instalment of "*Recollections of a Soldier's Wife*" will appear in the January issue.

# Recollections of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Fifty-four years ago the American people, and the citizens of Illinois in particular, witnessed perhaps the most notable political campaign in our history. Abraham Lincoln disputed Stephen A. Douglas's reelection to the Senate, and picking out the issue upon which the nation was to split, he almost drove the "Little Giant" to the wall. John A. Logan, himself a candidate for Congress, neglected his own canvass to work for his great chief, for Douglas was looked upon by the Democrats as the one man who could save the Union. Three years later, Lincoln having been chosen for the greatest work any President ever had to do, these great leaders forgot party differences and united behind him. The hopes and fears, the passions



**M**Y husband was thirty-two years of age when he received the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Ninth District of Illinois in 1858. It was said that no other man in the district knew as many men by their first names as "Jack" Logan did. My husband had a wonderful memory for names. Spare, with raven-black hair and brilliant black eyes, which were not dull even when he was ill or very tired, and possessed of a restless energy, he was bound to impress himself upon any gathering of men. His friends declared that he was never in repose unless he was asleep. Indeed, he exemplified the very strenuous spirit of the time in which he lived and the region where he lived.

In an overwhelmingly Democratic district his election was certain.

Moreover, personal friendship brought him many votes from outside the Democratic ranks. The

size of his majority, eighteen thousand, was unprecedented. But most of his time in the summer and fall of 1858 was spent, not in his own interest, but

John A. Logan in 1858, when he was first elected to Congress on the Douglas ticket. This was the beginning of public service that lasted, in war and peace, until his death in 1886

# a Soldier's Wife

## By Mrs. John A. Logan

and prejudices, of that troubled time are little understood to-day. The rush of the half-century has carried us beyond the possibility of interpreting them for ourselves. But here is a woman, notable in her own right, who knew them, who fell under the spell of Lincoln, who witnessed, knowing what they meant, the gathering of the clouds that broke in war. This is the second instalment of her story of the part she bore in her distinguished husband's career, which was of national importance for more than a quarter of a century—years when a man had to be "big" to be a leader. These "Recollections" are a most important addition to the history of the period.

in furthering that of Douglas against Lincoln. The eyes of the nation were on this battle for a majority of the Illinois legislature which was to choose Mr. Douglas' successor to the United States Senate. Mr. Lincoln had opened his own campaign by his speech of challenge to Mr. Douglas, which the senator was to answer when he should return from Washington.

Mr. Logan was one of the Democratic leaders of the state invited to meet Mr. Douglas upon his arrival at Chicago on July 9th, with a view to laying out a plan of campaign. As we had lost our little son there was no reason why I should not accompany him. Heretofore my experience had been limited to association with the people of southern Illinois, among whom I felt perfectly at home, but I was afraid that the girl-wife might seem provincial among the great people with whom I should be thrown in Chicago. Mr. Douglas I already knew. But I felt some trepidation over meeting so grand a lady as Mrs. Douglas. It was quite possible that she would not consider so unsophisticated a young person as myself worthy of her attention. She had been Miss Adele Cutts, the niece of Dolly Madison, and was reputed to be as charming as her illustrious kinswoman. She, too, was much younger than her husband, being his second wife. Within a few minutes after we had met, thanks to her graciousness and simplicity, all my timidity had vanished, and she made me feel that we were fast friends.

No candidate for senator ever had a greater triumph than Mr. Douglas had upon his return to Chicago. His fame was then what that of Clay had been at its height.



The wife of a soldier who won fame, the mother of a soldier who met death in battle—  
Mrs. John A. Logan, in 1898

Mr. Lincoln had become known to the country at large only through the distinction of being Mr. Douglas's opponent. On the way into Chicago his train had to stop frequently in order that he might address the crowds that gathered at the stations. Chicago was decorated and illuminated to receive him. When he spoke from the balcony of the Tremont Hotel, Mr. Lincoln was among the multitude that listened to him. In the fervor of that moment the Rail-Splitter seemed to us to have little chance of success. Mr. Douglas not only had his great prestige, but he was the most brilliant campaign speaker of the time.

My husband accompanied Mr. Douglas on his campaigning tour, and I was with my husband a great deal. So much has been written about the Lincoln-Douglas



debates that it seems that nothing new can be added. Nevertheless every observer likes to give his own impressions. There was no voter in all the state but had a chance to hear both men if he chose, so thorough was the canvass. Mr. Logan and I were always on the go from one wild political demonstration to another. To judge by the hurrahing, Mr. Douglas ought to have had everything his own way. But Mr. Lincoln was persistent in his attacks, and as the campaign advanced we were aware that he was pressing us hard. Mr. Douglas could win more cheers and more frenzy from the audience; but Mr. Lincoln could win more smiles and laughter and more thought. He softened his hearers with anecdotes that appealed to their human side and then sent home an idea that they could never forget.

#### LINCOLN AS I SAW HIM

I always like to think of Mr. Lincoln as he was in the days when I saw him with the eyes of an opponent. His awkwardness has not been exaggerated, but it gave no effect of self-consciousness. There was something about his ungainliness and about his homely face, even in a state of tall and ungainly men, which would have made anyone who simply passed him in the street or saw him sitting on a platform remember him. "There ain't no one else and there never was anyone jest like Abe Lincoln," as an old farmer said. His very awkwardness was an asset in public life, in that it attracted attention to him; and it seemed to enhance the appeal of his personality when he spoke. Anyone who was introduced to Lincoln without ever having heard of him before, though the talk was commonplace, would be inclined to want to know more about him.

Douglas won your personal support by the magnetism of his personality. Lincoln did not seem to have any magnetism, though of course he actually had the rarest and most precious kind. He seemed able to brush away all irrelevant matters of discussion, and to be earnestly and simply logical. In fact, he had the faculty of carrying conviction. At a time when the practice of oratory as an art was the rule he was utterly without affectation. The ungainly form, the bony face, the strong sensitive mouth, the quite sad and kindly eyes, were taking you out of yourself into unselfish counsel.

Give Mr. Lincoln five minutes and Mr. Douglas five minutes before an audience who knew neither, and Mr. Douglas would make the greater impression. But give them each an hour and the contrary would be true. This does not mean that Douglas was not sincere. No man could be more patriotic or sincere than Stephen A. Douglas was. He was as earnest in his belief in the rightness of his position as Lincoln was in the rightness of his; and when he found that he had been in error no man of pride ever acted more courageously in admitting it.

When Lincoln debated with Douglas at Jonesboro in southern Illinois there was hardly a man in the audience who was not a Douglas partisan. For Douglas there were roaring cheers, and for Lincoln silence. But the audience had to laugh at some of Lincoln's stories, they were so drolly told and so pat. He set many of his listeners to thinking; and when they had done thinking they were his adherents. Loyal as my husband was in his conviction that Mr. Douglas's policy was the only one which could hold the Union together, he had gained in that campaign an impression of Abraham Lincoln that made him smile when people in the East were depressed at seeing an inexperienced "backwoods politician" at the head of the nation with civil war impending. Though Mr. Douglas gained the senatorship, Mr. Lincoln's was the real victory, for his campaign won him the Republican nomination from Mr. Seward in 1860 and gave us the great man for the great crisis.

#### MY HUSBAND GOES TO CONGRESS

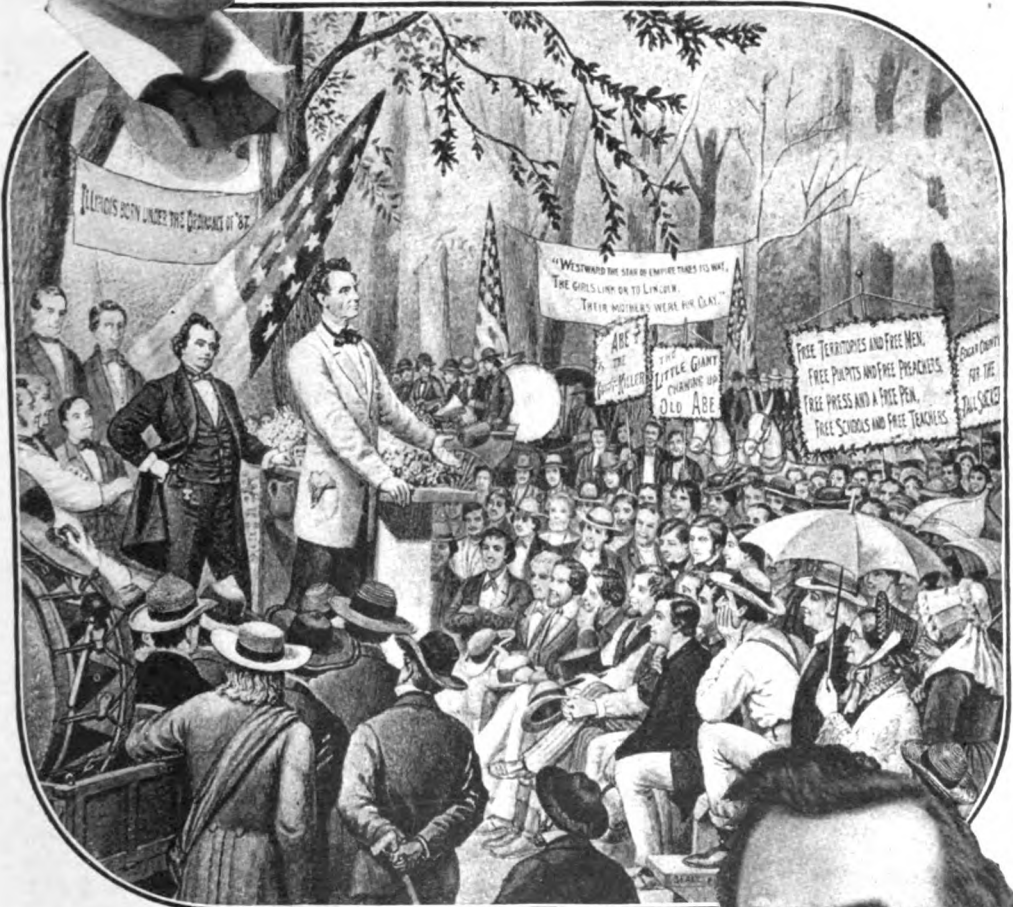
After Mr. Logan's election to the Thirty-sixth Congress, which was to see the closing of the Buchanan administration, he began to arrange his affairs to go to Washington on March 4, 1859. We spent the Christmas holidays with my father and mother. My father was as delighted as we were at the prospect of a broader sphere of activity for my husband. But to none of us did it mean so much in satisfaction as to Mother Logan, whom we visited at her home in Murphysboro. From that time until his death my husband was serving his country either at the front or in Congress.

A little daughter having come to us, it did not seem wise for the baby and myself to make the long journey to Washington in

the middle of the winter, so Mr. Logan went on alone. I spent the summer in making ready to close our house during our absence and in the more pleasurable and exacting task of

milliners. Consequently I designed costumes and hats which I thought would be passable until I could take advantage of the new styles which I should find in the capital.

The political life of the capital in those days—under a Democratic administration, and with the offices pretty nearly all filled by the workers of the party in power—was dominated by the Southerners. All the Southern leaders were slave-holders. Most of them had retinues of black servants.



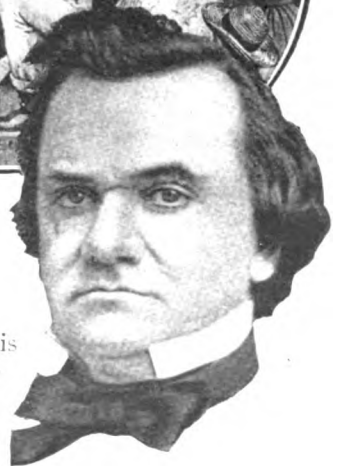
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RESERVE COLLECTION

Lincoln replying to Douglas in one of the debates of the campaign of 1858.

Although defeated by Douglas his stand on the slavery question made him the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency two years later.—Portraits of Lincoln and Douglas

preparing a suitable wardrobe in which a country girl was to make her début as the wife of a congressman in Washington. We were too far from St. Louis and Chicago for me to avail myself of city dressmakers and

A number of this type were staying at Brown's Hotel—where we lived that



winter—including Wigfall, of Texas; Keitt, of South Carolina; Mason and Harris, of Virginia; Judah P. Benjamin and John Slidell, of Louisiana; Barksdale, of Mississippi, who was killed at Gettysburg; and others who afterward won distinction in the Confederacy, besides John J. Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden, of Kentucky.

Cotton was king; the South was invincible. For the first time I heard the disruption of the Union openly talked of. Southern women appeared at table in secession cockades. They were even more extreme in their views than their husbands whose arguments they applauded. Discussions were heated and boisterous, with many boasts about what the South would and would not do. Often I was in terror lest they should culminate in violence. When I talked of these things to my husband he was sometimes very pessimistic about the future; yet he hoped that his leader, Mr. Douglas, would be able to find a solution of the crisis.

#### LOST AROUND THE CORNER FROM HOME

All the while I was listening and learning. If you are unsophisticated it is well to realize it. When I went down Pennsylvania Avenue to John T. Mitchell's dry-goods store to make such additions to my simple wardrobe as my limited purse would permit, I started back to the hotel feeling that I had accomplished wonders on my shopping tour.

After walking quite a distance I could observe no familiar landmarks. Then I went to the corner of Seventh and C streets to the carriage-stand that was there in ante-bellum days and asked a cabman to take me to Brown's Hotel. He calmly and methodically opened the door for me and then drove me around the corner to the ladies' entrance of Brown's. For this he charged me a dollar, which I paid all too quickly in order to escape from the embarrassment of the knowing twinkle in his eyes. It was a long time before I told the experience to Mr. Logan, who made it one of his favorite stories at my expense.

I had time to familiarize myself with the streets and the buildings and somewhat with Washington customs before I began the round of calls obligatory on the wife of a new member and before the President's New Year's reception, which nobody in official life ever missed. There I had my

first introduction to Mr. Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, the mistress of the White House. Miss Lane had a very distinct grace and charm of manner, and Mr. Buchanan, who was a handsome man, had an easy dignity and urbanity which made his character as well suited for such an occasion as it was unsuited for dealing with a national crisis.

As I saw the diplomatic corps and the officers of the army and navy in their uniforms and the women in their elaborate and costly gowns file by the President my ideas of democratic simplicity suffered a shock. It did not seem to me that anything at an imperial court could surpass the brilliant effect, but I was to learn the contrary when I visited Europe.

Soon I had another new social experience when Mrs. Douglas invited me to assist her in receiving at a reception. The Douglasses lived on I Street in the house subsequently occupied by the late Justice Bradley. It was one of the most pretentious in the city at that time, with a splendid picture-gallery and library and spacious drawing-rooms. Next door was the home of Vice-President Breckenridge.

All day the callers came and went, until nearly everybody in Washington official life had appeared. Mrs. Douglas received her guests with beautiful grace and cordiality and passed them on to her assistants in a way that promptly put them at their ease. Elaborate refreshments were served in the dining-room, while Senator Douglas entertained in the library the public men, who lingered as long as politeness would permit.

#### SECESSION TALK EVERYWHERE

Discussion of the absorbing topics of the hour were not dropped even in the drawing-room. Men of to-day may forget the tariff or the trusts readily at a reception; but the men of that day could never let the crisis which hung over the nation out of their minds. Arguments between disputants who met in a drawing-room were commenced where they were left off in a committee-room. Hostesses were always in apprehension of an unpleasant outbreak of political passion.

It was long before Mr. Logan and I slept that night. We talked of all the people we had met, while we well knew the savage currents that were running underneath



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RESERVE COLLECTION

The White House as it looked in 1861.—James Buchanan, under whom the secession spirit flourished. He said that a state had no right to secede, but that the nation had no power to prevent it.—Miss Harriet Lane, mistress of the White House during Buchanan's administration



the brilliant surface of the reception.

Senator Douglas, who was so suave in receiving his guests, so facile with the injection of a diplomatic phrase to save an awkward situation, was at heart sore perplexed. He had his problems at home as well as in Washington. Mr. Lincoln had actually carried the state by popular vote; and though Mr. Douglas had a majority of the Legislature his margin was so narrow that there was anxiety in the party lest it should be overturned. His followers thought that the loss of Mr. Douglas from the Senate would mean an irreparable disaster. He seemed to us the one man possessed of the states-



manship to hold his party and the Union together.

It was already evident that Mr.

Lincoln had made a national reputation in the joint debates. The questions which he had put to Douglas on the subject of slavery in the territories had set many men to questioning if the policy of Mr. Douglas

was a safe one for the best interests of the country north of Mason and Dixon's line; if it was not true that a country could no longer exist "half slave and half free"; if the slave-holders were not determined either to extend slavery or to dissolve the Union. When the Legislature convened at Springfield many interested persons from all parts of the state gathered with the hope of influencing its action. Every Democratic member was watched vigilantly lest he falter and endanger party supremacy. But Mr. Douglas was safely elected; and this was very good news to us Northern Democrats.

If anything Washington was gayer than usual; the excitement of politics seemed to provoke excitement in other forms. My first state dinner at the White House was so momentous an occasion to me that the picture of the table is fresh in my mind. At each end of the VanBuren mirror which formerly adorned the table on state occasions was a tall gilt basket filled with plaster-of-Paris fruits painted in abnormally brilliant colors. This would seem pretty tawdry to us to-day, when we should want the real fruit; but it was wonderful, if artificial, then. I recall, too, the historic china with the red band and the coat-of-arms of the United States in the center. The gold-plated spoons, solid-silver service, and cut glass, though familiar to me now through frequent dinners at the White House, never appeared to me so gorgeous as on this occasion.

#### A STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The invitation gave me the greatest delight at the same time that it worried me to distraction with many questions. What should I wear? What should I do when I arrived? How should I ever command enough ideas to carry me through a long state dinner and not be a bore to my escort? Who would be my escort? Would he have agreeable manners and try to make it easy for the young wife of a Western congressman or would he be pedantic and patronizing? If he betrayed in the slightest degree that he was bored or merely endured me because there was no escape I should suffer intensely. I was proud of my handsome husband, who I knew would be at home in any company, but for myself I had many misgivings and visions of hours of agony.

What was my delight to find that my escort was to be our leader, Senator Stephen

A. Douglas, whom I had known since I was a little girl. I felt perfectly at home at once, though I was sitting down to table with forty distinguished guests. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckenridge, Senator and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Senator and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia; Senator and Mrs. Gwin, of California; Judah P. Benjamin, Senator and Mrs. John J. Crittenden. But there at the table of the President of the United States, I heard sentiments that sounded to me treasonable; and yet I little thought that one of the number would shortly become the President of a Confederacy of states in armed rebellion against the flag.

#### THE PRESIDENT IN KNEE BREECHES

The most sumptuous entertainments given in Washington at that time were those of Senator and Mrs. Gwin, of California. People were still talking of their masked ball of the previous winter, when senators, members of the diplomatic corps, and officers of the army and navy appeared as royalty, dramatic characters, famous warriors, and other historic personages. President Buchanan was in the court dress which he wore at St. James's when he was minister to England. Though we talk of Jeffersonian democracy as passing, I think that any President in the present era who appeared at a function of any kind in knee breeches would have to undergo a good deal of cartooning.

Besides those I have already mentioned, Lord Napier, Anson Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Alabama; Mrs. Greenough, wife of the sculptor; Horatio King, Daniel E. Sickles, Mr. and Mrs. Boulogney, of Louisiana, the only Southern member of Congress who finished his term; the Livingstons, Cochrane, of New York; Banks, of Alabama; General Magruder, Mr. Clingman, Mr. and Mrs. Vance, Mr. Harris, of Virginia; Chief Justice Taney, William Kellogg, of Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Dr. Garnett, Congressman and Mrs. McClernand, Miss Dunlap, sister of Mrs. McClernand, who married General McClernand after her sister's death in the early sixties; Mr. and Mrs. Foulke, of Illinois, Senator Edward Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff in 1862; Colonel and Mrs. Robert E. Lee, were familiar faces at social entertainments.

When we returned to southern Illinois in the summer of 1860, it was for the mem-



orable campaign which elected Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. Only one issue was before the people, and that was the question of slavery and its extension to the territories. The pro-slavery party would listen to nothing but an espousal of their cause absolutely; and the anti-slavery party would listen to nothing but the prohibition of slavery in the territories. The two wings of the Democratic party were just as much at variance as were the Republican and Democratic parties, and when the convention met the rupture came with full force.

We found southern



PORTRAITS FROM MEXERVE COLLECTION

Stephen A. Douglas, Mrs. Douglas, (who was a niece of Dolly Madison), and their Washington home during the last years of the senator's life



Illinois, with its large proportion of Southern settlers, in favor of saving the Union by concessions, while northern and central Illinois, settled from the North and East, held the views of the Republicans. My husband was reelected to Congress on the Douglas ticket.

When we returned to Washington it was with the prospect of seeing our party go out of power and a new party come in. Regular party workers viewed this from the point of view of patronage. They descended on Washington under the old banner of "To the Victors Belong the Spoils." Democrats who had been long in office had the prospect of being turned out into the cold world unless they could make



The inaugural procession  
passing the gate of

the Capitol grounds,  
March 4, 1861

FROM AN OLD WOODCUT



PORTRAITS FROM MESSERVE COLLECTION

Senator John J. Crittenden

their peace with the new masters. There were surprising accessions to the Republican ranks among government clerks. I recollect some one asking an old gentleman who had been in a government position for twenty years what was going to happen to him now.

"Why," he said, "I've been a good administration man for twenty years. I still am. Abraham Lincoln is going to make a great President."

To my husband Republican success meant that the factional feeling of the people whom he represented was being more and more embittered. Mr. Douglas, always hopeful, still thought that something might be done to avert the "Irrepressible Conflict." He was trying the impossible, but his effort was no less noble and all the more pathetic on that account.



Brown's Hotel, where the Logans lived in 1861. From the balcony Mrs. Logan viewed the inaugural procession

All through the winter, while he offered his reputation and career in sacrifice to his object, he pleaded with the leaders of all factions for compromise before it was too late. His anxiety no doubt hastened his death. I remember how



Mrs. John J. Crittenden, wife of the famous Kentucky senator who continued Clay's work of trying to keep peace through compromise

eagerly he joined the venerable John J. Crittenden in his compromise proposition, and how, night after night, the young men of his party, including Mr. Logan, whom he singularly trusted, met with him in counsel. I remember his likening himself to a shuttle, going from side to side between the warp of party threads, trying to weave a harmonious fabric but often entangled in the meshes of the political web.

#### THE LOYALTY OF DOUGLAS

His position was the more trying because of his personal affiliations with the South. His first wife had been a Southern woman, and his sons were then with their kindred in North Carolina. Once, after learning that for some time there had been secret meetings in the committee-room of the Senate Committee on Military affairs (of which Jefferson Davis was chairman), with a view to planning both secession and resistance to the peaceful inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglas appeared in our rooms in a state of utter discouragement.

"It's no use!" he exclaimed hopelessly after talking to Mr. Logan for a while. "If you gave these men a blank sheet of paper and asked them to write down terms of compromise under which they would agree to remain in the Union, they would not write them."

Then, after a pause, he added determinedly, "I, for one, cannot be a party to the destruction of the government, no matter if the Democratic party wants to be."

He said he would do all in his power to give Mr. Lincoln a hearty welcome to Washington and insure his inauguration; that Mr. Lincoln was elected by the people, and should be inaugurated at all hazards. As a senator from Illinois he was most active on the committee on arrangements for the inaugural ceremonies, accompanying the Illinois delegation to pay their respects to his old opponent as soon as Mr. Lincoln arrived. He shared the deep solicitude felt by the friends of the President-elect lest some madman or unreasoning Southern partisan do him violence before his inauguration. In that crisis Mr. Douglas showed what a truly great man he was. All his own ambitions were defeated. His political power was waning; his health was miserable. Yet he had not thought of these things when it would have been only human for him to be bitter at the turn of fortune which

had brought Mr. Lincoln to the office which he himself had sought; his one object was to help Lincoln save the Union.

Matters had reached such a climax that even the keenest and most selfish politicians of the North and the gayest people in society were stirred out of the routine of their natures. Men of affairs went about with grave countenances. I remember perfectly the arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington, and of the relief it was to know that nothing had befallen him on his journey from Springfield and with what intense anxiety many observed every move of the most violent secessionists all Inauguration Day.

With bated breath, I stood on the balcony of Brown's Hotel (later called the Metropolitan) and watched the procession on its way down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. I can remember exactly how Mr. Lincoln looked as he sat beside Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, so calm and apparently so unaware of the imminent danger that his friends apprehended. I was deeply impressed by the change in spirit and manner of the multitudes when they saw him returning. Their faces no longer anxious, they followed Mr. Lincoln's carriage, shouting, "Long live the President!"

#### LINCOLN FAILS TO WIN THE SOUTH

When darkness was gathering over the city, all kinds of rumors were afloat, and timid people were worried lest some violent deed be committed under cover of darkness. But carriages sped as usual on their way to the inauguration ball, though many of the opposition and local residents had declined to go, either because of political sentiments or because they believed up to the last that there would be resistance to the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.

Nominations for the cabinet were sent in and were, of course, considered firebrands to the South, whose representatives one by one departed from the city and began their work all over the South for the establishment of the Confederacy. Each day some prominent member of the House or Senate failed to answer the roll-call.

Mr. Lincoln's assurances that he knew "no North, no South, no East, no West," made no impression and were considered as unreliable by the leaders of the secession movement. His most loyal adherents were untried men. He was ignorant of their abilities and doubted their discretion. The

executive departments were completely demoralized. The treasury and the arsenals were empty. The general of the army was old and decrepit. The army was at its lowest ebb in numbers, and scattered all over the vast extent of the country, with the most meager and inefficient communications or means of transportation. The Indians were numerous and savage. Our frail naval fleet, insignificant in the number of ships and the efficiency of the officers and men, was for the most part in foreign seas. The Supreme Court was supposed to be in sympathy with secession. Upon the President-elect rested the responsibility for so directing affairs as to save the Union from dismemberment; and yet he was dependent upon the legislative branch of the government for authority.

#### THE CRISIS WE MET AT HOME

After the inauguration, Mr. Logan and I returned to our home in southern Illinois to face a crisis of our own. Arriving at Marion, we were not prepared for the state of public mind that greeted us. Constituents hitherto full of enthusiasm and cordial greeting met us with restraint, expressing eagerness to know what was going to be done; finding fault with this, that, and the other action that had or had not been taken; insisting especially that the South had not received enough guarantees that its institutions would in no wise be interfered with, and refusing to believe that everything had been offered and spurned. Many of them had kindred in the South, and still they could not leave their homes in the North and sacrifice everything to go to their relatives. They looked to their representative in Congress to tell them what to do, and they knew instinctively that his advice would be hard to follow.

If the news of the firing on Sumter stunned the whole North, consider what it meant to southern Illinois, where so many people had kindred in the South. It inflamed the passion and prejudice of every man who held strong views. The Knights of the Golden Circle and other secret secessionist organizations sprang into being with the purpose of making southern Illinois secessionist. They intimidated loyal Union men. Many youths were making their way across the Ohio River into Kentucky to enlist in the Confederate regiments which were forming. Others were enlisting in the Union

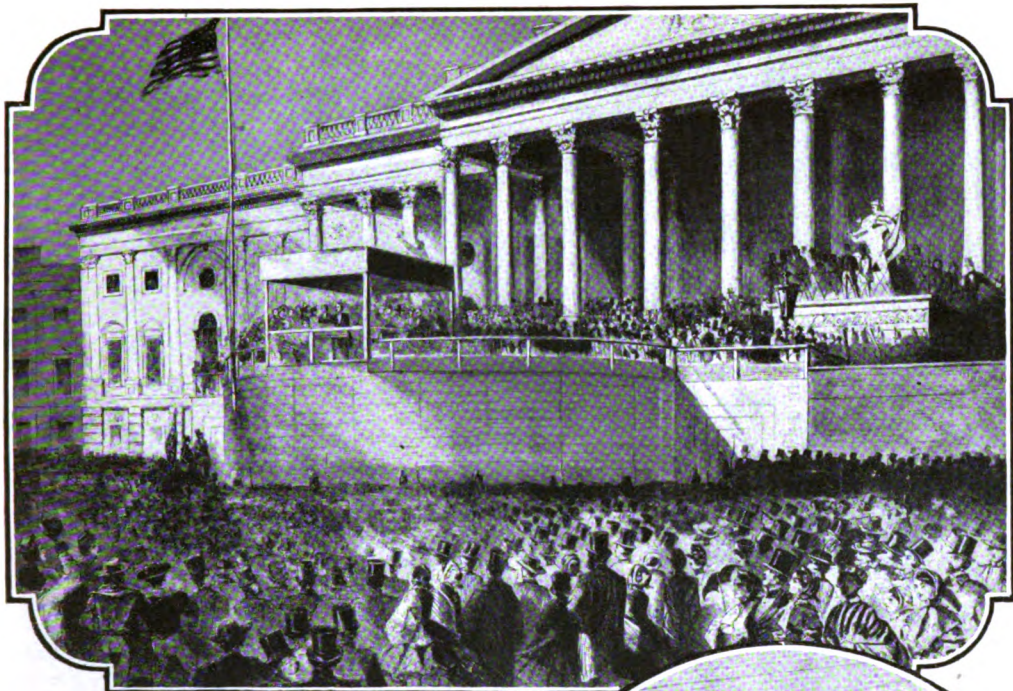
regiments which northern and central Illinois were forming in answer to the President's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the rebellion. Older and more conservative heads, however, still thought that it would never come to real war. They could not conceive of kindred fighting kindred. Some way would yet be found out of the crisis before much blood was shed. Indeed, civil war was too terrible for sober-thinking minds to contemplate. Meanwhile, such was the activity of the Knights of the Golden Circle, the railroad bridges in southern Illinois had to be guarded when any Union troops passed over them.

The authorities at the capital of the state and in the office of the United States marshal were watching the movements of every man suspected of being a secessionist partisan. Their main hope of restraining the secession sympathizers from overt action was through my husband's influence. Appreciating the grave responsibility resting upon him, he had occasion for much vigilance and solicitude, lest he should fail to save the people from getting into trouble through rash acts, before their own good judgment and sense should bring them to see whither they were drifting. Many were the hours he paced the floor, revolving in his mind means to this end. He dared not tell them he would enter the army himself in case of war. They would have spurned him and accused him of treachery to his party and to them, and of selling himself to the administration. The time had not arrived for them, with their former political teachings and affiliations, to realize the consequences of a section of Illinois taking up arms against the federal government. So, without intimating what he would do, my husband, talking to them as though they were children, and arguing along the line of patriotism and duty to one's country, warned them of the horrors of civil war and the consequences of aiding and abetting revolution; then he bade them wait a while longer on the turn of events.

#### THE MOST CRITICAL PERIOD OF MY LIFE

As Mr. Lincoln had called a special session of Congress, it was my husband's duty to return to Washington early in July. No battle had yet been fought. Before he went he reassured his constituents of his faithful devotion to their interests with all the intelligence at his command, and tried to sow



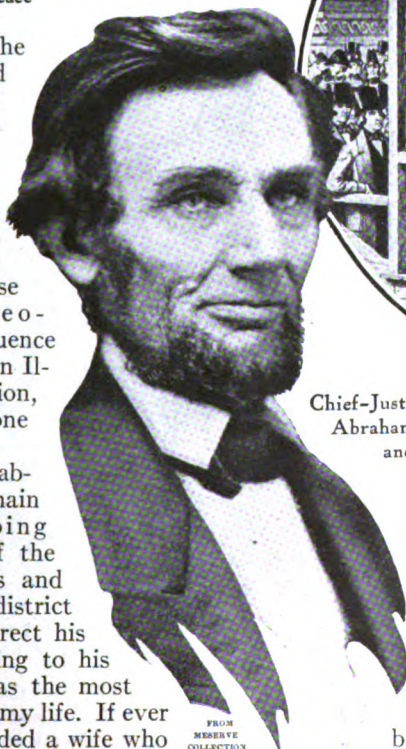


FROM AN OLD WOODCUT

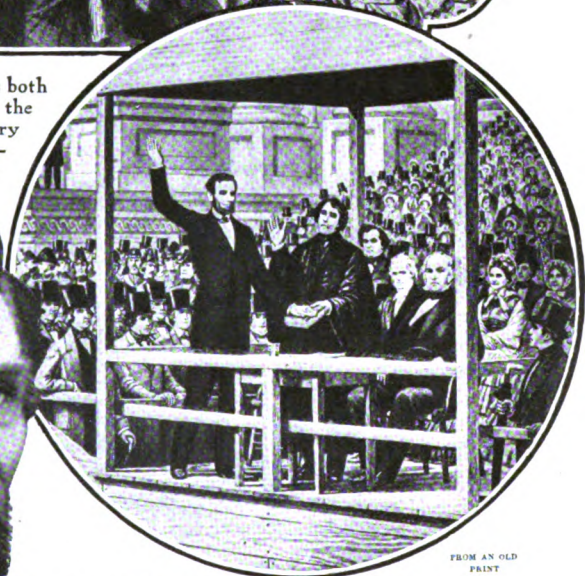
Lincoln delivering his first inaugural address. He was both firm and tender; he counseled and warned. Here was the man the hour had need of, come from the back country to assume dictatorial powers, to call nearly three million men to do battle for the Union. And his last word was for peace

in their minds the seeds which would bear good fruit when the time came for him to announce himself. He must be wise and discreet if he were to keep these over-wrought people under his influence and save southern Illinois to the Union, which was his one guiding thought.

During his absence I was to remain at home, keeping him informed of the course of events and thought in his district and trying to direct his followers according to his wishes. This was the most critical period of my life. If ever my husband needed a wife who



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Chief-Justice Taney administering the oath of office to Abraham Lincoln. Behind Taney stands Douglas, and the story goes that the magnanimous "Little Giant" is holding Lincoln's hat.—Lincoln early in 1861

was a true helpmeet, it was now. At seventy-four I look back and marvel how a woman of twenty-three was able to pass through the experience that was mine and play the part that I did. But the call of the hour brought out the strength of both men and women in the sixties.

The next instalment of *"Recollections of a Soldier's Wife"* will appear in the February issue.